

FOR THOSE WHO CANNOT SPEAK



MICHAEL WALSH

POETRY FOR PEACE

**Illustrated Collection
Poignant War Poetry Tributes**

MICHAEL WALSH
WHOSE INSPIRING VERSE SPANS TWO CENTURIES



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

A poet does not work in isolation. The inkwell is his heart, inspiration the natural tapestry of landscape, beautiful women, and life. I pay tribute to my wife and our sons. I dedicate my verse to friends who, directly or indirectly inspire so many of my compositions. Their continued enthusiasm is a driving force and source of both strength and enjoyment.

ARMISTICE DAY

Armistice Day has its origins in universal loathing of the carnage of World War I (1914 ~ 1918). Solemnly, it was declared that peaceful resolution would in future be the guarantor of peace between nations. Since Armistice, the political elite have re-labelled our press-ganged youth as willing martyrs. Today, Armistice Day acts as a recruiting sergeant for future wars whilst cenotaphs are turned into recruitment posters. The total number of war dead during the 20th Century stands at 187 million martyrs. The Imperial War Museum suggests the true figure is much higher.

**TRIBUTES TO
THE POETRY OF MICHAEL WALSH**

Michael Walsh verse receives tributes from all over the world. Whilst all commendations are equal the better-known contributors include Susan Lee, Women's Editor, Liverpool Echo, Willy Russell (playwright Shirley Valentine, Blood Brothers), Colin Wilkinson Bluecoat Press, Liverpool.

"I was delighted to read your poetry on Liverpool and enjoyed it immensely." ~ Ken Dodd, Britain's most loved entertainer.



KEN DODD
Singer, Comedian, songwriter and actor

“The Archbishop (Liverpool) asked me to tell you how much he enjoyed the enclosed verse.” ~ Graeme Brady, Metropolitan Cathedral of Christ the King.

“May I say well done? Your poems are brilliant and everyone who reads them will identify with most. I enjoyed them very much.” ~ Barbara Noble, Co-founder Nobles of Liverpool.

“You are doing for Liverpool what Robert Service did for the Yukon ~ immortalising it in a timeless way.” ~ Bernard C. Cooper, Guild of Master Craftsmen.

“The poems are extremely interesting and make good reading, especially in the evening when returning from work.” ~ Robert Burns, MD. (Mr. Burns was the originator of the Irish theme public houses).



READERS INVITATION

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Michael Walsh is the author of **FOR THOSE WHO CANNOT SPEAK**. Enjoy the FREE download and perhaps be kind enough to drop Michael a line. Why not transfer a modest donation into Michael’s bank account by saying hello to Michael at keyboardcosmetics@gmail.com

FOREWORD



British born Irish poet and writer, Michael Walsh traces his family roots back to 1865, the year his great grandmother arrived in the Maritime City of Liverpool from Ireland. His family background is Moville, Donegal, maternal Wexford and Tipperary.

His parents were born at the turn of what was to become the most tumultuous in human history. Both were passionately immersed in the politics of the period. Upon reaching his fortieth birthday, Michael's father, Patrick, had fought in three conflicts.

An associate and friend of American war correspondent Ernest Hemingway and Irish playwright Sean O'Casey, Patrick married Kathleen Walsh, a former novice nun, in 1937. His mother's friends included Spanish firebrand Spanish Civil War revolutionary, 'La Pasionaria' Dolores Ibarruri, Liverpool sculptor Arthur Dooley and Irish novelist Brendan Behan.

On leaving school at 15 years of age, Michael spent ten weeks at the Merchant Navy School for Sailors in Sharpness. During his years at sea he was to visit over 60 countries.

Michael since provides articles for numerous magazines and international news media. In 2011 he was awarded 'Writer of the Year' by Euro Weekly News, Europe's highest circulation free newspaper. He is a significant member of the Editorial Board of The Barnes Review. He has authored and edited nearly 70 books and has ghosted many more. At the turn of the millennium his poetry collections were selling more quickly than any other contemporary poetry anthology.

The successful author re-entered the publishing world as a writer of romantic fiction. **A Leopard in Liverpool** was his first successful novel. His experiences as a world-travelling wanderer, whose familiarity with Africa and its violent history he was part of, brought the characters and their darkest deeds to real life.

The Leopard's success was enough to inspire the award-winning journalist to pen **The Leaving of Liverpool**. The title is an illustrated autobiographical chronicle of his life and colourful experiences as a British Merchant Navy seaman in the 1950s and 1960s. During his years at sea, he was to visit over 60 countries.

Michael turned his writing talents to penning **The Stigma Enigma**, the second of his city-vigilante thrillers. In the storyline, he has put to good use many of the penman's page-turning tricks that made **A Leopard in Liverpool** such a runaway success. **The Souls Meet** is his fourth Merseyside theme book title; a head-swimming mix of the supernatural and the love that dare not speak its name.

Destined to be a best-seller with film and television potential, **The Dovetails** is a tender and expressive romantic story of Gareth and his two ladies and their ménage à trois lifestyle. The entertaining and engaging interludes are accompanied by risqué humour and naughty incidents. A reader writes, 'I thoroughly enjoyed it. I am feeling rather hot'.

Aware of the trailblazing potential of **The Dovetails** the new genre novelist wasted no time in putting pen to paper. The result was **Sex Fest at Tiffany's**. Buoyed by his success and to meet the increasing demand for his gripping style as a storyteller he has now published **The Amorous Ghost and Encounters**.

Michael Walsh's collection of over 1000 inspiring, heart-warming and undoubtedly entertaining poems enjoy global acclaim.

Praise for his adventurous 'in touch with the people' pen has been unstinting from Ken Dodd, Bernard Cooper (Guild of Master Craftsmen); Archbishop of Liverpool, Rt. Hon. John Prescott, MP, The Bluecoat Press, Merseyside Police, Radio Port Phillip (Australia) Roger Phillips and Pauline Daniels, BBC Radio Merseyside, Liverpool Daily Post plus various publishers and media editors. Robert Burns (founder of Irish theme pubs); Radio Personality Frankie O'Connor, Willy Russell, playwright: (Shirley Valentine, Blood Brothers).

NO MORE BROTHER WARS

All wars between Europeans are civil wars ~ Victor Hugo (1802 – 1885)

"A time will come when a politician who has willfully made war and promoted international dissension will be as sure of the dock and much surer of the noose than a private homicide. It is not reasonable that those who gamble with men's lives should not stake their own": ~ H. G. Wells.



CONTENTS

The barrel organ played
They wanted to know
But I salute the doctors
You'll never meet a poet
Then the bells will chime
The vampire sucks
The bride wore black
Cenotaphs in forest glade
Good and bad jackboots
A shilling from his pay
A saw a young man walking
Ten million children martyred
Plough shares or the shares of war
What secrets in those ancient stones
They're all together now
Today I killed my brother
It's nice to be the victor
What tales that they could tell
In their homes of clay
The drum and the gun
My father
A sailor's regret
The Valkyries
The pied pipers of death
The white feather
The nation of the downcast eye
The trail beneath the years
No one knows but a mother
The universal soldier
The poppies flower best
I wish that I were forty
Are those that matter not
The firing squad
The free man
Much darker than the night
I will be there at your passing
For those who cannot speak
The beastly man
Once bitter foes
Men fell behind
Ode to the ermine bankers
The bloodstain
Deportation
Ethnically cleansed
Some are taken some will go
Another mother's tears
There is sorrow in the wind
They don't die young
The profiteers of war and hate
And now we've celebrated

Man has no right to kill his brother. It is no excuse that he does so in uniform: he only adds the infamy of servitude to the crime of murder. ~ Percy Bysshe Shelley. English Poet.

THE BARREL ORGAN PLAYED



He took the book down from its shelf,
The page was one-o-three,
The barrel organ in the street,
Its air was 'What's to be?'
The poet turned a page or two,
His eye fell on the scene,
Such mourning brought the land to grieve,
The cortège brought their Queen.

The poet turned another leaf,
He wept at what he saw;
The page was 1914,
And the story told of war.
Europe's youth like wheat they fell,
Scythed and reaped for what,
That blood be turned to rich man's gold,
And I'll forget-them-not.

The poet thought to close the book,
He trembled then he sighed,
Perhaps he knew that times had changed,
That truth had also died.
Sad the bard resumed to read,
Where now his world would go;
He turned the page but knew at heart,
He'd see more tears flow.

The poet turned to time and place,
The barrel organ played,
Again, the air, 'What is to be?'
And once more mothers prayed;
The sheep are shorn, the wolves set free,
How soon the bullet flies,
Boys will sleep in homes of clay,
They're buried under lies.

THEY WANTED TO KNOW

They wanted to know when he'd come home,
To comrades asleep in the wood,
Them that had fallen in the fight,
Who died where their comrades had stood,
Side by side, some here, some there,
They sleep and they dream of those,
Who fought in the bitter battle,
And then was their sweet repose.



They wanted to know when he'd come home,
Return to his forest bed,
Their souls have gone, they live again,
Where other lives are led,
Whilst those in forest clearing,
Will sleep and wait their call,
Till once again they're wheat to reap,
And they must heed the call.

They wanted to know if he'd come home,
Who'd answered other call,
For highest honour is to lie,
Wherever comrades fall,
To share the steppe or forest glade,
Embrace the flower bud,
The fallen always live again,
Whilst some rest in the wood

BUT I SALUTE THE DOCTORS



Should I salute the soldiers,
Who suffer, bleed and die,
Defending truth and freedom,
It's said by men who lie;
My tribute's for the doctors,
Who fix the broken hearts,
When doctors are for living,
Who needs a dying art?

One defends his motherland,
At least that's what he's told,
Physicians help the mothers,
Whose sons are lying cold,
Barrack square or doctors' care,
One saves the dying breath,
Whilst squaddie's trade is plunder,
The doctors weep for death.

Far better white than camouflage,
Why hide behind a suit,
Better doctor's footsteps,
Than dollars to salute.
A soldier's paid for breaking hearts,
The lies he must defend,
Whilst doctors put the V in lies,
There's many hearts to mend.

YOU'LL NEVER MEET A POET

You'll never meet a poet with a rifle in his hand,
Unless the bugle's calling,
When his honour makes a stand;
The poet's only weapon,
Is the pen that he must wield,
And though his heart is open,
You will find his lips are sealed.

You never meet a poet but with roses in his hand,
There's much that rhymes with roses,
And there's much that rhymes with sand.
For sand is in his hour glass,
There's never time for bed;
His day is never over till,
His pen and heart are bled.

THEN THE BELLS WILL CHIME



When I am on the other side,
I'll meet far better men,
Those who went before me,
~ and poets of the pen;
There are no clocks in heaven,
No nation ties to bind,
All men will wander freely,
No sects or creed to blind.

No artificial boundaries,
Religion, class divide;
No visas, money, uniforms,
Or false gods known as pride;
No sentiment for what I left,
A world of cultish woe,
Where men wage wars of lesser men,
But better men won't go.

When I am on the other side,
I will miss those left behind,
But one day they will join me,
Together we will find,
The things that separate us,
No longer worth a dime,
All men will be contented,
And then the bells will chime.

THE VAMPIRE SUCKS



The vampire sucks as the Army rucks,
As the beast goes on its way,
Invades and raids every nation's wealth,
For blood is the vampire's pay.
As TV's drones with their hearts like stones,
Shall cover their nation's crimes,
While the hoodwinked poor,
At the pauper's door;
They suffer such trying times.

Let the beast roam free,
As their victims flee,
From the lands that once knew peace,
The beast with horde seeks the golden hoard,
From the sheep they're about to fleece.
While the soldiers of the pad and pen,
Clean the blood from their owners' hands,
But come the day and the world will pray,
The return of their peaceful lands.



THE BRIDE WORE BLACK

The bride wore black and my heart was sad,
She wept as she altar stood,
For her heart was where her mother slept,
In the clearing by the wood,
I swore to her that she'd one day wear,
A bridal dress of white,
I cried for my new-wed wife such tears,
And I prayed that I'd be her light.

For the darkness of her dress that day,
Was an obelisk of grief,
There's many a forest tombstone,
Enhanced for those who sleep,
By an image of a bride in white,
With a veil and her shoes to match,
And the tear that rolls down the groom's sad cheek,
Is the bouquet she will catch.

CENOTAPHS IN FOREST GLADE



What happens when the men are gone,
There's silence now the fighting's done,
Dads go home but sons will not,
They rest behind with shell and gun.

What happens to those left behind,
Has fate for them been cruel or kind,
Those who live will pause for thought,
Will all men stay eternal blind?

What happens to the tools of death,
Each silent witness to last breath,
They're cenotaphs in forest glade,
Inscribed for men struck blind and deaf.

What happens when the trees embrace,
The tools of war are man's disgrace,
More be made by parents' who,
Raise extra kin to take their place.

GOOD AND BAD JACKBOOTS



The Baltic States, once crucified,
By Soviet foes who said ~
We bring you liberation,
As the Baltic States were bled,
There's nothing much small lands can do,
When chased from lands by Stalin's coup,
Red Army was their cross to bear,
Their fair lands put to sword.
But now the boot's on other foot,
And jackboot moved due West,
The Baltic States joined NATO,
Now it's others they oppress.
Syria and Libya too,
Iraq, the Afghans, add a few,
Take the place of Baltic folk,
And bleed across the world.

NATO or Red Army,
What difference does it make,
For families who are massacred,
When blood forms crimson lake;
Baltic feet in NATO boot,
Cry freedom as they rape and loot,
Why don't they sing Red Flag refrain,
For those they 'liberate'.



A SHILLING FROM HIS PAY



Irish prisoners taken by the army of occupation
After the Easter Uprising, Dublin, 1916

When poppy seeds and sweethearts' tears,
Are falling till the May;
Then who'll replace the young men,
Who have fallen in the fray?
Will young men's eyes be passion filled?
Bright lit by lies absurd,
Oh, what's a young man left to do,
When truth is bled and blurred?

When sweetheart tears are wetting pad,
As pen goes on its way;
They're sonnets bound for sweethearts
In their little homes of clay,
Will hearts be bitter, filled with woe?
When pain will blur her eyes,
What's a young maid left to do,
When politicians lie?

The blanket shroud he sleeps in,
A shilling from his pay;
For politicians, profiteers,
Must live another day.
But who can count the petals,
As they flutter to the earth,
When sweethearts lose their young men,
To the sounds of claret mirth.

British Army practice 1/- deduction cost of the fallen soldier's burial blanket.



HELEN KELLER ~ “Strike against war, for without you no battles can be fought! Strike against manufacturing shrapnel and gas bombs and all other tools of murder! Strike against preparedness that means death and misery to millions of human beings! Be not dumb, obedient slaves in an army of destruction!

Be heroes in an army of construction! Helen Keller. ~ Source: Told to an audience at Carnegie Hall one year before the United States entered World War I. From 'Declarations of Independence' by Howard Zinn page 75.

I SAW A YOUNG MAN WALKING

The youth I met today was old,
A child of early times,
Much water had passed under bridge,
How oft' those church bells chimed.
One hundred or more years, I'd say,
They stood at young man's grave to pray,
And yet I saw the lad today;
I knew he'd lived before.

The boy I met today was old,
His face was known to those,
Who knew and loved the lad before,
The army took his clothes.
I wondered where he since had slept,
Would he remember me?
I saw him last in bloom of youth In 1893.

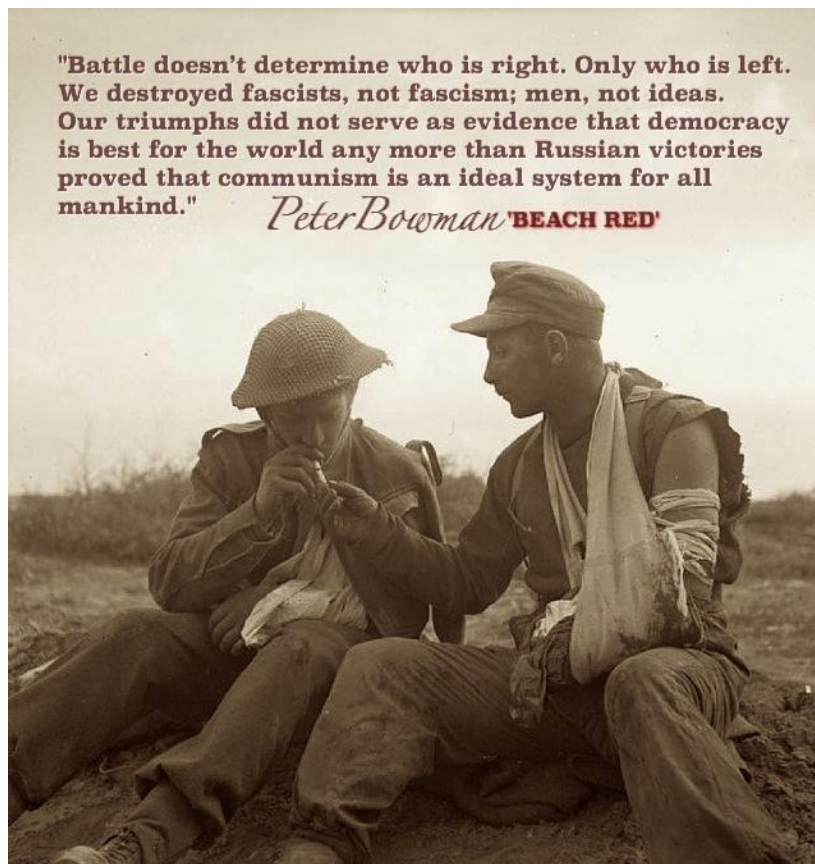
Perhaps he never had recall,
Of early fate that bled,
The young men in those dreadful wars,
When rich men must be fed:
Now will he once more go to war,
Dodge bullets or their lies;
For lies are shameful epitaphs,
When the young men give their lives.

TEN MILLION CHILDREN MARTYRED

Ten million frauleins ravaged,
By the Allies and their hordes,
Mothers, daughters, sisters too,
Impaled on Allied swords,
Raped before their mothers,
By drunken louts who stank,
But victors propaganda,
And thanks go to the tank.

Eight million children murdered,
Their parents put in chains,
Red Armies and their Allies,
Bellowed coarse refrains,
As drunk they took the children,
Made brave by booze they drank,
But victors propaganda,
And thanks go to the tank.

One hundred thousand ravished,
Women like your own,
By dregs of Allied armies,
Who murdered zone to zone,
Pillage, rape and plunder,
Involved each Allied rank,
But victors propaganda,
And thanks go to the tank.



The Swiss scientist Jean-Jacques Babel found that during the last 5,700 years humanity fought 14,500 wars with three and a half billion dead. That is half of today's world population. In the years 1991 for example there were 52 wars or warlike crises on this earth.

PLOUGH SHARES OR SHARES OF WAR

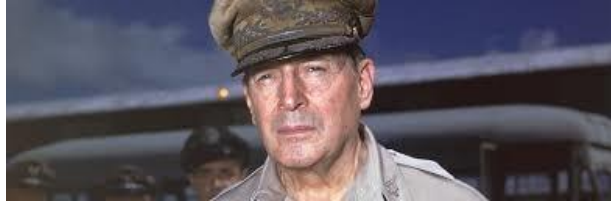
I cannot turn the clock back,
Nor wish my life away,
How often I have wondered where,
Our lives have gone astray.
If I was born in other place,
And in another time,
Would eyes today see as they saw,
My duty or my crime?

I cannot turn the clock back,
Nor wish my life away,
How often I have wondered where,
Our lives have gone astray.
If I was born in other place,
And in another time,
Would eyes today see as they saw,
My duty or my crime?



I did not choose my land of birth,
Like friends when you are young;
A Fatherland or Motherland,
Nor choose my native tongue.
My death would be another's pride,
Yet grief to comrades dear,
You raise your glass as you salute,
A soldier mother's tear.

The flowers in your meadows,
Make fallen hero's shroud,
Far better blood was never spilled,
And these fair fields be ploughed,
By men of peace, by men who talk,
By plough shares not the shares of war,
They peddle in their counting house,
Then bring the dead to widow's door.



U.S. GENERAL DOUGLAS MCARTHUR "It is part of the general pattern of misguided policy that our country is now geared to an arms economy which was bred in an artificially induced psychosis of war hysteria and nurtured upon an incessant propaganda of fear." ~ Douglas MacArthur.

WHAT SECRETS IN THOSE ANCIENT STONES



What secrets in those ancient stones,
Is each a cenotaph,
A distant dream or image,
Or a dead man's epitaph?
As he is silent so must they,
For every man must have his day,
And every stone will mark my way,
That he has trod before.

Yet what care I for passing man,
Don't I go same path too?
I gaze across same distant hills,
Taste same the morning dew;
And I shall carry heavy stones,
Until I sleep with dead man's bones,
Then equal to those men on thrones,
Whose fortress guards our souls.

CLOTHE THE WORLD "Give me the money that has been spent in war and I will clothe every man, woman, and child in an attire of which kings and queens will be proud. I will build a schoolhouse in every valley over the whole earth. I will crown every hillside with a place of worship consecrated to peace." ~ Charles Sumner.

THEY'RE ALL TOGETHER NOW



They're all together now,
Their differences are gone,
No longer does it matter,
If they lost or if they won;
Such foolishness is easy led,
For they believed what they had read,
The lies of wicked men.

They share the soil, for which they fought,
As friends they sleep in peace,
I hope they're as these boys once were,
Before these lambs to fleece,
Were sent to meet their youthful end,
Once enemies but now they're friends,
They're all together now.

“It is yet another Civilized Power with its banner of the Prince of Peace in one hand and its loot-basket and its butcher-knife in the other. Is there no salvation for us but to adopt Civilization and lift ourselves down to its level?” ~ Mark Twain.

TODAY I KILLED MY BROTHER



“If you had only known the man you were trying to kill, you would have risked your life, to save his.” ~ Harry Pope, WW2 Pacific USS LSM 41, 1944. Japan 1950.

Today I killed my brother,
Or was it other time?
For clock hands move no longer,
If such death is not of thine.
Had he been another's boy,
Would it not matter much,
For if I kill your brother,
It doesn't seem as such,
To take a life but brother's death,
Is like you take your own;
It is a Civil War they said,
When hearts are made of stone.

Today I killed my brother,
He fought on other side,
And now too late I know the truth,
I know our fathers lied;
But did it really matter,
He died for his belief?
They tell me he was in the wrong,
But such brings no relief.
A broken heart of brother,
Is when you break your own,
My finger pulled the trigger and,
You're right, my heart is stone.
Yet stones will never ever die,
But when young men in clay will lie,
They live as friends for evermore;
The Cross I bear is mine.

IT'S NICE TO BE THE VICTOR



It's nice to be the victor,
Of wars that you have made,
For you there's rape and plunder,
And bodies to be laid;
But best of all upon the fall,
Of enemies you've slain,
You get to write their history,
Whilst truth goes down the drain.

It's fun to be the victor,
When the odds are three to one,
Disarmed, your foes can take the blows,
When final war is won,
But better than the plunder,
The chance of lies to tell,
To point the finger at your foe,
Then ring the victim's bell.

It's fun to be the victor,
Of a nation once so proud,
Then strut among the rubble,
To pull the funeral shroud;
And you may pen its epitaph,
A chance for only you;
Yes, you will write just as you wish,
It's what the victors' do.

To prance amidst the rubble,
Yet claim it is your loss,
To stand and strut your purity,
And say it's all because,
I am the sweet and innocent,
It's what the victors' write,
No glory, shame or justice,
When the light of truth goes out.

WHAT TALES THAT THEY COULD TELL

No story would I better hear,
Than tale that can't be told,
You'll find them in the graveyards,
Where people rest when old.
But some were not three score and ten,
They passed this way when young,
Oh, what a tale they too could tell,
If they could use their tongue.



Silent they would rather be,
As still as marble frieze,
Perhaps their thoughts are whispers,
Of the gentle blowing breeze,
A language that's unknown to me,
But what a tale to tell,
From those who sleep in graveyards,
When death has rung its bell.

“When plunder becomes a way of life for a group of men living in society, they create for themselves, in the course of time, a legal system that authorizes it and a moral code that glorifies it.” ~ Frederic Bastiat, (1801-1850) French economist, statesman, and author.



IN THEIR LITTLE HOMES OF CLAY



School and college, off to war,
The young must settle rich men's score,
Who dress their sin as keeping peace,
Before they bring their sheep to fleece.
War is business, best when clad,
In uniform and nation's rag.
To keep alive their constant dread,
That profiteer be wined and fed.

Best to get the Press on side,
There's pay-offs for the men who lied,
Deceived the young and brought to grief,
The young men fooled by fond belief,
They fight for nation, kith and kin,
Betrayed by mainstream,
Lies and spin.

Before the war they kneel and pray,
Then slumber in their beds of clay.
In graves all men are equal, just,
All men the same when men are dust.

"[On the 25th April], the nation should remember the words of our last Anzac Alec Campbell, who pleaded on his death bed:"

~ Jonathan King, biographer



**"For god's sake
don't glorify Gallipoli -
it was a terrible fiasco,
a total failure and
and best forgotten"**

LEST WE FORGET

THE DRUM AND THE GUN

She looked beyond the broken wood,
That marked the place where he had stood,
And saw the soldier once her son -
Who left his home to wed the gun.

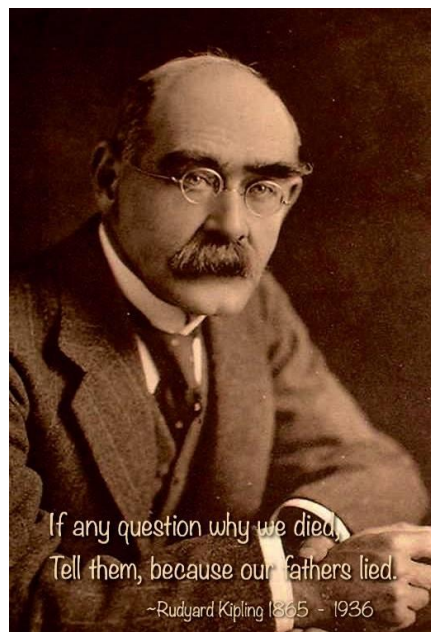
The tears that burned for her great loss,
That lay beneath the rugged cross,
Now trickled down her aged face,
Upon his final resting place.
He'd heard the beating of the drum,
Then laughed at groundless fears of mum,
With eyes that filled he called goodbye -
Perturbed to see his mother cry.

He disappeared inside the throng,
Of gallant men all now in song,
One last wave and he was gone,
A man! A boy! A mother's son.

Beside his grave his mother wept,
Within her hand a toy she'd kept.
This one last link with her lost boy,
The precious years he brought her joy.
The life she knew now seemed unreal,
For grief alone was hers to feel.
No more to feel a mother's joy,
In bringing up her only boy.

Upon the cenotaph at home,
His memory lies etched in stone.
And every year the folk recall,
The boys of theirs who gave their all.

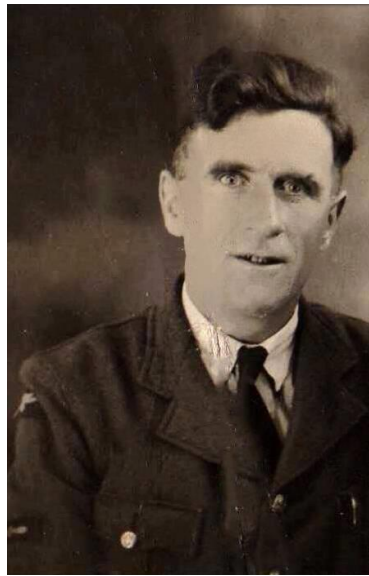
But mother spends her sleepless nights,
Dwelling on the sweet delights,
Of hearing once again her son -
Before he wed the drum and gun.



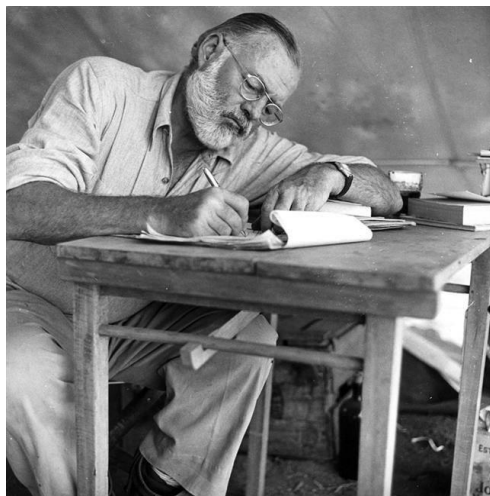
MY FATHER

You didn't march as soldiers should,
Or stride with head held high.
But strode with purpose in your face,
Beneath the cloudless sky.

Your greatcoat bore the weight of Hades,
Its shadow told of war,
And ghostly columns, comrades past,
This path was trod before.
Your cause is half forgotten now,
Those paths are quiet, still,
And small arms fire, the fear and pain,
Are hidden in the hill.

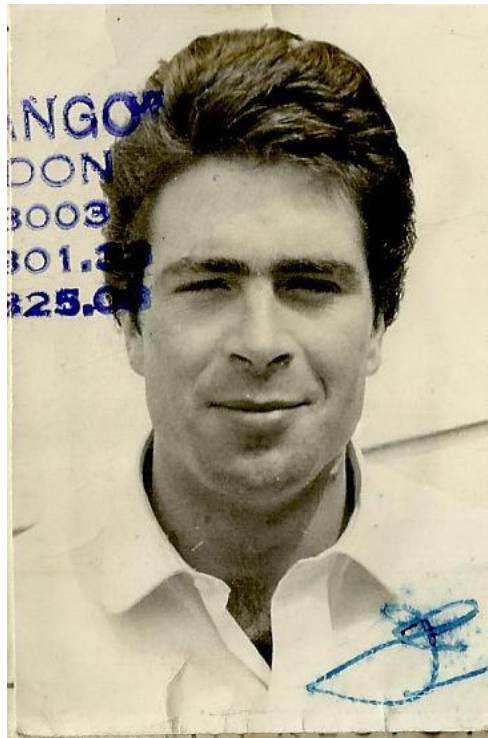


I stroked the grainy photograph,
With care, as though in wonder.
Unravelling the wisps of time,
That tore us both asunder.



ERNEST HEMINGWAY "No one man nor group of men incapable of fighting or exempt from fighting should in any way be given the power, no matter how gradually it is given them, to put this country or any country into war." ~ War Correspondent Ernest Hemingway.

A SAILOR'S REGRET



The author as a sailor in Britain's Merchant Navy

We mocked you when the stones you threw,
Bounced off our plates of steel,
For after all the plates had stood,
The wild Atlantic reel.

Till we sailed the River Weser,
Your river, but our shame,
Your towns and fields a moonscape,
I searched for whom to blame.

I have mellowed and the bulwarks,
That withstood Atlantic reel,
Now feel the blows of anger
From the masthead to the keel.

So pause awhile and I'll alight,
And let me join with you,
That I may be behind the thought,
Of every stone you threw.

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Michael Walsh is the author of **FOR THOSE WHO CANNOT SPEAK**. Enjoy the FREE download and perhaps be kind enough to drop Michael a line. Why not transfer a modest donation into Michael's bank account by saying hello to Michael at keyboardcosmetics@gmail.com

THE VALKYRIES



The soldier's face grew ashen and his comrade seemed asleep,
He knelt beside the stricken youth beside the upturned jeep,
The moon forever fickle twixt the cloud and starry sky,
Remained unmoved, uncaring both of death and comrades' cry.

The mud forever giving 'neath the soldiers' boots and steel,
Embalmed the dying youngster of the broken limbs and weal,
His comrade grieved and broken, with gentle whispered prayer,
Ran muddled fingers softly through his comrade's tousled hair.

The scene that set was ghastly, of broken trees and mud,
A curse, a cry and shell fire, the broken bones and blood.
The dying youth's eyes opened and with almost lifeless stare,
With weary smile he greeted his sad comrade kneeling there.

'The Valkyries, they're coming. They ride beyond the moon.
I see their steeds, the maidens. They're coming for me soon.'
Hope filed the dying soldier as his comrade hid to weep,
The Nordic gods had summoned their young hero to the keep.

His soldier friend was grieving and so filled with Christian care,
Raised his eyes to follow the young dying soldier's stare.
Of myths the sky was naked, no Valkyries nor steeds,
The ancient gods were vanquished, as were their old time deeds.

But he was still yet living and so the truth denied,
For fallen heroes only are called upon to ride.
The dying youth saw clearly the maidens in the sky,
Upon their brave white stallions - borne to those who die.
Borne to brave young mortals whose life rewards forgo,
Who give their life, their everything, 'gainst nation's common foe.
The soldier's eyes grew brighter as the Valkyries drew near,
Flaxen maids of beauty with their shields and silver spear.

A green-eyed maid dismounted with her weapons laid aside,
He melted in her warm embrace, endeared to new found bride.
With tender care she lifted the young soldier born to die,
And in her arms upon the steed, they journeyed through the sky.

They sometime reached Valhalla and the hall of Odin's reign,
Thatched with shields and walls of spears to house the mighty slain.
With fond farewell the maiden bid the fallen youth goodbye,
And carried on her quest of love across the starlit sky.

Filled with renewed vigour and his body whole again,
He stepped inside the mighty hall, the home of all the slain.
In comradeship partaken and with milk from goat Heidrun,
Valhalla and God Odin had gained another son.

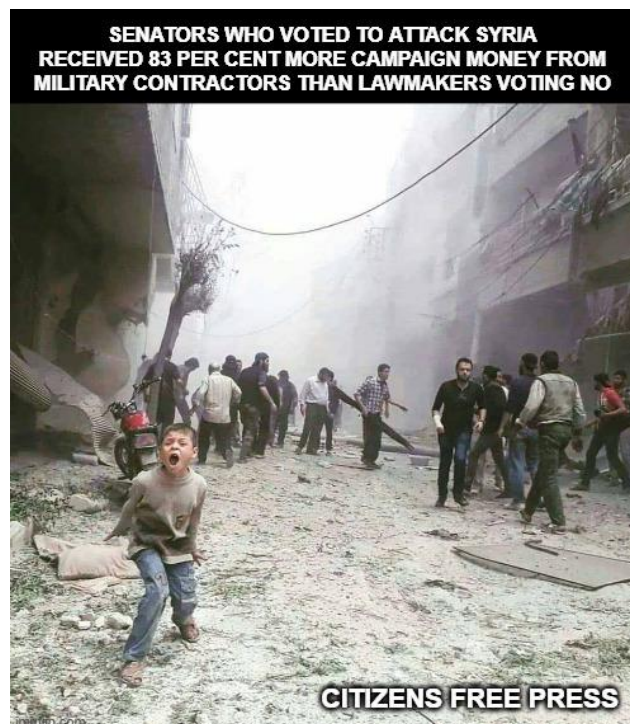
And daily they did battle for Ragnarok to train -
For in the Armageddon, the victors are the slain.
The world of mortal combat still raged its deathly course,
Where beside a broken body, and steeped in deep remorse,

A soldier wept heartbroken as with crucifix of wood,
He stood it by the open grave and silently he stood.
He stooped to pick the helmet that was worn by his great loss,
And wiped it free of grass and mud, and hung it on the cross.



Are anti-war protestors' enemies of the state or enemies of the armaments industry, the investors in war.

JOHN FLYNN The enemy aggressor is always pursuing a course of larceny, murder, rapine and barbarism. We are always moving forward with high mission, a destiny imposed by the Deity to regenerate our victims while incidentally capturing their markets, to civilise savage and senile and paranoid peoples while blundering accidentally into their oil wells.'~ John Flynn, 1944.



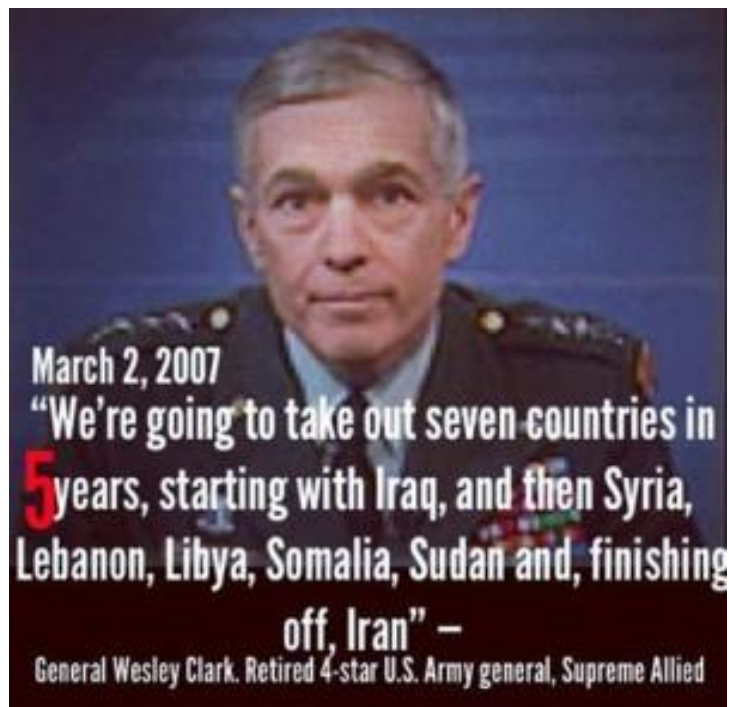
THE PIED PIPERS OF DEATH

Given just their childhood,
Sweet taste of youth, but nay -
No bitter-sweet, young love to greet,
The breaking of the day,
The sun set on their morning,
And their lives were lost mid-flow,
The young men and their mirth and dance,
That we will never know.

Lament the rafters of the inn,
Will never hear their song,
Those soldier lads were sent away;
Lament; how sad, how wrong.
Mothers gave a promise of a life fulfilled,
But nay for now there is no grandchild,
No bloom of age for they,
For grey haired men of yesterday,
Of lessons learned not one,
They cheerful do the Reaper's work,
And scythe till work is done.

Now unborn children never know,
The sound of softly tread,
Of father's footsteps on the stair,
When safely tucked in bed.

Today their youth lies sleeping,
In their little homes of clay
For men whose lives were over,
Took young men all away,
Their youthful zeal and innocence,
Was shrouded in a lie,
And that's the reason why, sir,
Only young men go to die.



THE WHITE FEATHER

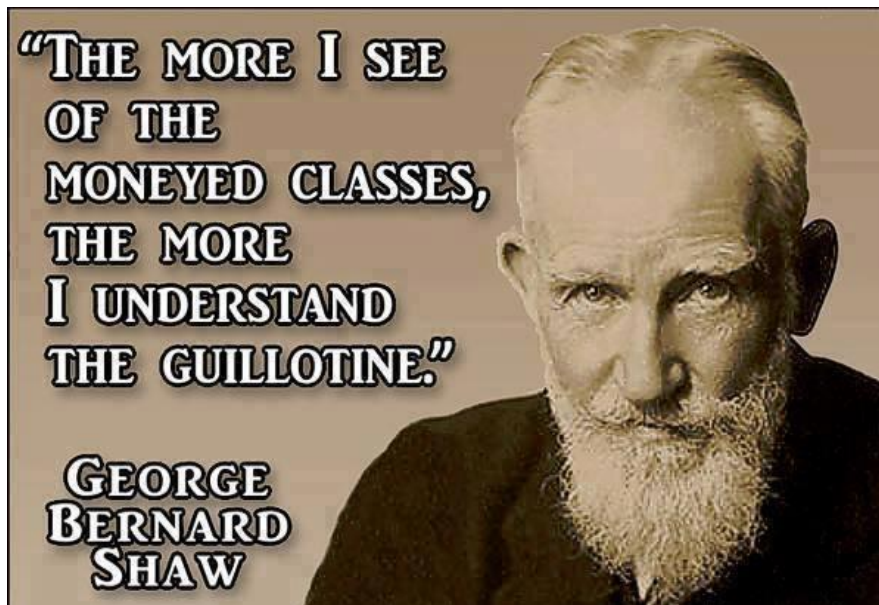
I'm British and I'm proud of it; I'm British to the core,
And that is why I'll never send our young men off to war.
Perhaps if we were threatened, but the 'threat of thirty-nine',
Was far from being equalled by the threat of ninety-nine.

A trade war! Well, they were the words,
That Winston Churchill said,
In forty-seven, after all our brave young men had bled,
But now we've gone and joined them;
If you cannot beat them join them,
And still the lies are spoken,
And still the lies are fed.

I'm British, patriotic,
So, the feather white I wear,
And you can bet your Brussels sprouts,
Its arms I'll never bear.
No doubt I would for Liverpool,
For Pontypridd or Poole,
But Poland or is border war;
I'll never be a fool.

The lies, the feast of victors,
Who stand on mounds of dead,
But tell the truth and off to gaol,
Is what the victors said,
So now we've gone to join them;
If you cannot beat them join them,
For you are also silenced,
Aye, you're silenced like the dead.

THE GREATEST ROBBERS AND MARAUDERS 'We are without exception the greatest robbers and marauders that ever existed on the face of the globe. We are worse than other countries because we are hypocrites also, for we plunder and always pretend to do so for other peoples' good.' ~ Henry Labouchere, Liberal MP and journalist.



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW Patriotism is your conviction that this country is superior to all other countries because you were born in it. ~ George Bernard Shaw.

THE NATION OF THE DOWNCAST EYE

We are the nation of the downcast eye,
We guard our thoughts and tongue.
Ours is the gruff and the sullen tribe,
For we know that the trap has sprung.

We know full well though we dare not tell,
That we live by the rulers' creed,
He will dull the blade and relax the rein,
But he'll curb and will mix our seed.



We are the folk, who are penned by law,
It's the curb for the men who would,
But we always note that the sweet refrain,
Will be claimed for the common good?

Ours is the lot that may come and go,
We are free so our rulers say.
We break our hearts; it is not the same,
Tongue is tied and our feet are clay.

You may hear our laugh but it's not like yours;
For it's dulled by the cynic's thought.
And the smile is not in the eyes you see,
It is fixed by the victor's court.
Some are fair but no longer rule,
Some are old but they're young at heart,
We're now the folk of the shifty eye,
And we speak of the fraud as art.
We are the tribe of the fettered tongue,
And our mirror-minds will tell,
Of the rulers' view that it's good for you -
And we find that they pay us well.

So the young who spring from the loins of men,
Of the nation of the downcast eye,
Are the slaves to another thought and whim
But they live only when they die.

THE TRAIL BENEATH THE YEARS
(A Farewell to Africa)



It was when the grind an' rumble,
Of the wagons passed this way,
An' the colour-sergeant's bark was past its peak,
But the sighing strain of steel,
That was binding to the wheel,
Kept in rhythm with the rumble and the squeak.

Now the tracks are overgrown,
As the earth reclaims its own,
Where the oxen strained to wagons on the haul.
Scarring virgin soil and sod,
As they spread the word of God,
Heard the bugle of the Gospel and the call.

As the lowing cattle call,
And the shouts of men are borne,
By the wind unto the distance never won,
Then the earth will turn to mire,
But the men will never tire,
When the night reveals the stars their day's begun.

Now the ruts are overgrown,
For the shiftless wind has blown,
And the trails that they had scorched are as they were,
And for all they fought and won,
It is all gone back and done,
All the virgin soil is as it always were.

The trail was good an' made,
And the wheelwright had 'is day,
As they grated and they groaned to muttered curse.
How their 'eaving shoulders bled,
As the ox an' horses led,
All the sabred Diaspora to its hearse.

Now the trail is good and dead,
As the men who made it bled,
And the world has turned around to what it was.
An' the four winds on my face,
Will obliterate the trace,
Of the men who shoved the ox-carts - all because.....

Because? (an awesome word!)
It's the 'aunting sound I hear,
On the winds that own the kopje an' the plain.
Aye, the barren drift is hostage,
To the old and ghostly legions,
And the shriek and groan of harness and of chains.

Now I look in vain to see,
Where those ancient ruts might be;
But they're blown before the winds to God know where.
And the earth is pulled across them,
And the seeds are spread across them,
As the cries of phantom columns fill the air.

NO ONE KNOWS BUT A MOTHER



I am the unwilling mother,
Who gave her son to the tide;
And no one knows but a mother,
Knows of the ache inside.

Yet I am the mother also,
Who gave up her daughter to sin;
And no one knows but a mother,
Oh, no one knows but a mother,
Where the aching heart shall begin.
I am the unwilling mother,
Who gave up her son to war;
It was me who brought to the widow's cowl,
Such a blessed daughter-in-law.

Yet I am the mother also,
Who cast her kin to their fate,
And no one knows but a mother,
Oh, no one knows but a mother,
How to stand at the gate and wait.

I am the unwilling mother,
To whom wise fate decreed;
That no one but a mother,
Must provide for those who need.

Yet I am the mother also,
Whose heart must be turned to stone;
For no one knows but a mother,
Yes, no one knows but a mother,
How the wind blows seed when sown.

THE UNIVERSAL SOLDIER



Soviet soldier prays before the Battle of Kursk
July 1943. Losses Soviet 177,000 German 54,000

Soldiers all wear uniforms because they're all the same,
Except that some will die tonight,
Some weep and some be lame,
Underneath their uniforms you can't tell them apart,
But under every tunic beats a lonely frightened heart.

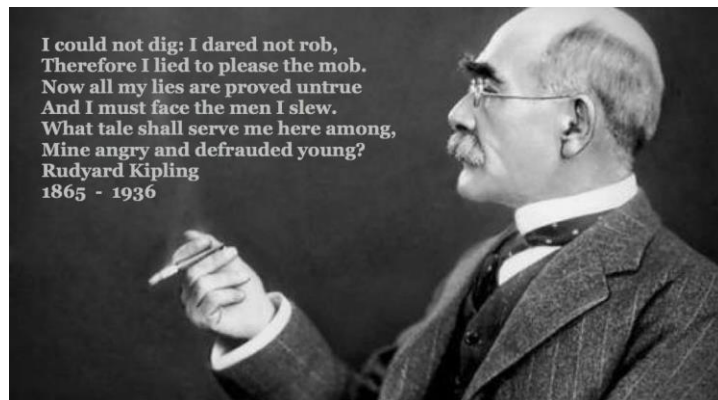
Fritz and Ivan sleep tonight in little homes of clay,
Proud they fought for fatherland that death might bring the day,
When all men will be brothers, when all men will be kings,
To dream and love, to sow the seed instead of death that stings.

Soldiers all wear uniforms they march in rank and file,
Whose mothers wouldn't know them without their cheery smile.

My brother, did we meet in church or on vacation beach,
Now we're taught to hate and fight, ram bullets in the breach,
Janis, Peter, Igor, in uniform of man -

Undressed when in Gods uniform, not split by tribe or clan,
Their hearts are uniform so true -
What to a brother they would do,
To save his life if he'd be true to God and not to man.

Soldiers wear their uniforms, their boots and buttons bright,
Then shortly after life has dawned too early greet their night.



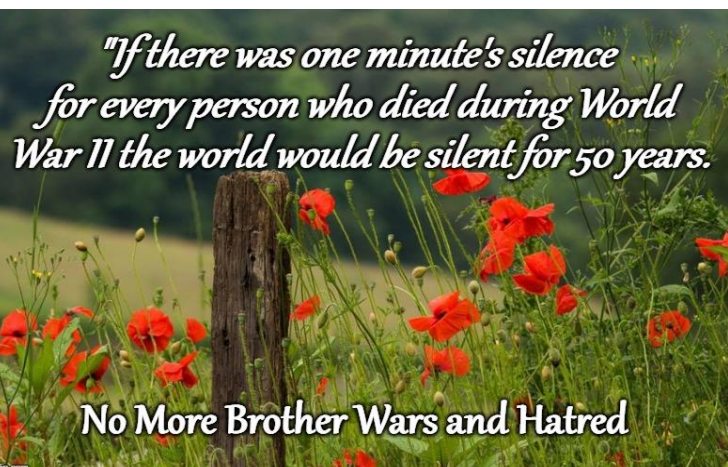
THE POPPIES FLOWER BEST



For us they're neither German,
Not British, Russian, French,
We found them with the poppies,
That were scattered in the trench,
Not for us their nation,
The whereupon the whys,
We only saw the children,
Weep tears from lifeless eyes.

They fought for better future,
And died that we should live,
But since their souls departed,
They have nothing left to give;
The poppies are reminders,
They're medals for our breast,
Each poppy to remember,
We're too the passing guest.

The spirit world has claimed them,
Their nations left behind,
Illusions of the living,
Are burdens for the blind?
I am the pasture's blossom,
That sleeps upon your breast,
I wait for you, for whom I fought,
Till then I gentle rest.



CIVILIAN CASUALTIES 95%

American strategists have calculated the proportion of civilians killed in this century's major wars. In the First World War, 5 per cent of those killed were civilians, in the Second World War 48 per cent, while in a Third World War 90-95 per cent would be civilians: Colin Ward, *Anarchy in Action*.

I WISH THAT I WERE FORTY



I wish that I were forty, or even years more;
If every man was forty, there'd never be a war.
Old men can't know everything as all the young men do;
Perhaps this is the reason why the young men are so few.

I can't stop mothers caring; it is a mother's role,
As salmon will be instinct led to reach their spawning goal.
Young men are rash and reckless, pawns in an old man's game,
As moths that go to happy death when drawn to flicker flame.

If wise men over forty years were ever called to war,
They'd turn their guns around and ask what are we dying for;
But youth is rarely prudent, young blood runs hot as fire,
Their blood the fuel that old men use to light their funeral pyre.



ARE THOSE THAT MATTER NOT

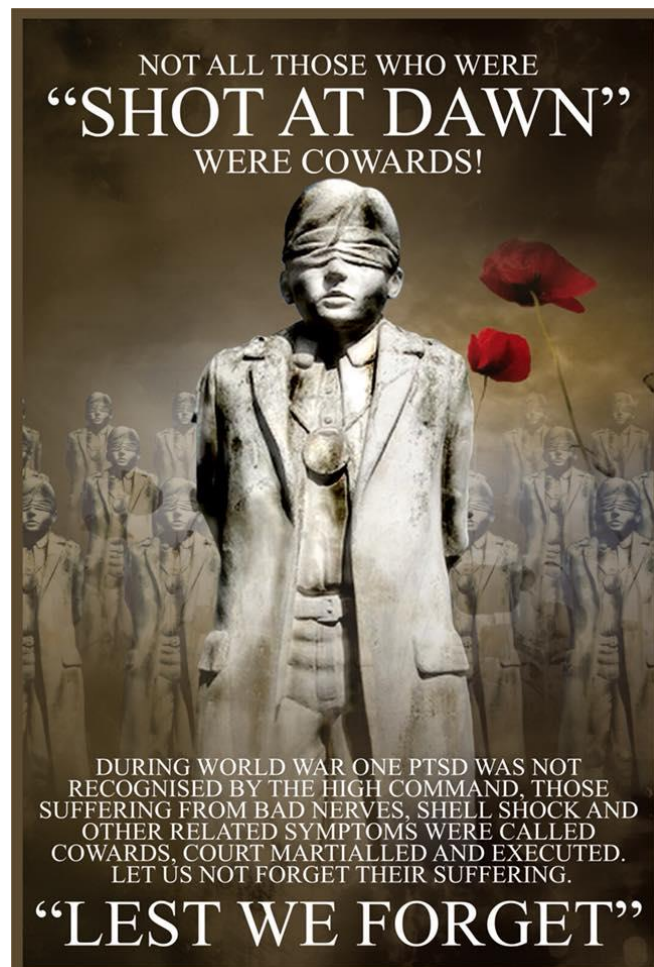
The spirit's strong in columns long,
In folk they took away,
And we will always honour them,
Recall them when we pray.

Sad Calvary of Humankind,
Those damned to Soviet source.
Oh, what a bleak regime it is,
That never shows remorse.
Editors will shameless sleep,
They were busy until dusk,
Writing weeping sonnets
- But they never write of us.

Unshackled from the Soviet yoke,
But some will not be free,
Yes those who weep for other folk,
But they never weep for me.

MARK TWAIN

Next the statesmen will invent cheap lies, putting the blame upon the nation that is attacked, and every man will be glad of those conscience-soothing falsities, and will diligently study them, and refuse to examine any refutations of them; and thus he will by and by convince himself that the war is just, and will thank God for the better sleep he enjoys after this process of grotesque self-deception.” ~ Mark Twain.
The Mysterious Stranger 1916.



THE FIRING SQUAD

Lost in time his mother's words,
When but an arms held boy,
Remembered sweet the lullabies,
That brought the infant joy.

The years of boyhood, river stream,
Wherever youth will pause and dream,
To breathe their true love's sonnet, verse,
When posies fall from sweetheart's purse.

A heartfelt murmur, blessed was she,
Whose future looked so well,
The heavens bright on fire that night,
As though the stars could tell.

Could tell of what, my soldier man,
Whose children now will mourn.
A father, brother, mother's son,
His life will end at dawn.

A child's lament, a soldier son,
A boy not yet a man?
And as the sacraments were read,
The words of prayer ran.

They told of lullaby to tomb,
The shuffled feet, he faced his doom,
But yet the squad was pensive still,
For soldier boy such bitter pill.

And in the squad that cold grey morn',
One boy who gave his thanks,
That he might be the chosen one,
With rifle primed with blanks.

Then one last word to then expire,
Condemned to hear the order 'fire',
It never came, for soldier friend,
Of other flag to bring his end,

Did drop his arm but tongue was still,
Condemned, the victim felt no chill,
Of final word on earth that night,
The stars were weeping tears of light.

HENRY KISSINGER

'Military men are just dumb, stupid animals to be used as pawns in foreign policy.' Henry Kissinger as quoted in *Kiss the Boys Goodbye: How the United States Betrayed Its Own POW in Vietnam* (1990) by Monika Jensen-Stevenson and William Stevenson.

THE POWER OF PROPAGANDA

"If a nation is to go to war, then that nation cannot afford to tell the balanced truth about the enemy nation, and anyone who does during wartime will be tried and sentenced for sedition, and possibly executed. The warmongering faction has to get its citizens mad at the enemy. It has to get its citizens to think they are fighting for the world's good, and for Christian or other religious righteousness, and the enemy is evil and ruled by the devil. So it was with the propaganda against Hitler and Germany, and so it has been ever since." ~ Alex S. Perry Jnr. *Barnes Review*, Vol. No.1.



NEVER AGAIN

NO MORE BROTHERS WAR

THE FREE MAN

The herd it thinks one thought alone,
A million strong but not its own,
The instinct to conform at cost,
Of conscience and a soul that's lost.

Ten million minds that others own,
Sheep to polling booth they're thrown.
King of one to better be,
Than lost in herd and bend the knee,

If herd should have one dream alone,
Then let them fight like dog and bone;
No cattle droving press shall make,
A lesser man of me.

Eccentric, odd, the rebel thought,
Without such folk the world is naught,
No toady who will sell his soul,
Will see his name on parchment scroll.
The shackled man seeks quiet life,
Zest for change brings toil and strife,
A lion for a day I weep -
Than cautious life in flock of sheep.

MUCH DARKER THAN THE NIGHT



At the stroke of midnight, whatever hour that be,
I heard a distant barking and I held you close to me,
I then thought of the faeries and the darling buds of May,
When midnight hour struck stroke of twelve the day was far away.

I thought of forest stream and moon,
Of solitude and peace,
I hoped that trolls would slumber on,
And live to honour truce,

The Gnomes of War would soon to cease;
To bring my heart much needed peace,
For folk who never were a foe,
A pestilence of fire and flame,
Much worse, they do it in my name.

While humble folk were sleeping,
In their happy little homes,
Far away were plotting, the warlike little gnomes.

Oh, how they scurried, born to loathe,
Such humble folk as me,
I turned but sleep would never come,
Would never set me free.

Ah, futile gesture, pen to pad, so helpless I am lost,
I pay the price and suffer and I also bear the cost,
The highway hare is pinned by light,
The lovelorn moth is stilled in flight,
We're mesmerized by powers strange,
Much darker than the night.

I WILL BE THERE AT YOUR PASSING



I will be there at your passing,
Although I have gone on before,
Time for those who are dying,
Is such that it matters no more;
Yes, I will be there at your passing,
Be prepared for a catch in my voice,
Together we'll talk of the good times,
And often my eyes will be moist.

Think of me dear when you're passing,
My angel will bring you to me,
Our clasped hands will keep us together,
On steppingstone lives as we flee,
From the lives we have both lived together,
To lives we will live as before,
Yes I will be there at your passing,
For you are my godhead, my core.

FOR THOSE WHO CANNOT SPEAK



There's an empty chair so lonely,
And an empty space in bed,
Each one for sons and daughters,
Whose fathers once were bled,
On battlefields in futile wars,
For men who never learn,
Those politicians, bankers too,
Have many bucks to earn.

I miss the unborn children,
Who by right should share our fate,
Betrayed by callous old men,
Whose gold will never wait?
If any question why they died,
It was because their leaders lied,
And unborn sons ne'er kiss a bride,
Whose lives were squandered too.

I mourn their never passing,
I mourn they never were,
I mourn that we do nothing,
When lies are brought to bear,
On those of us who live today,
Whose parents made it through,
But what of many others,
The ones we never knew.

When men shall die in futile war,
Their unborn children too,
Will lose their lives and those who live,
Though many are too few.
I curse the lies, how I despise,
The moneychangers' table,
When those unborn, unknown to us,
Are nothing more than fable.

WOLVES IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

“I see no reason why journalists should not be provided with uniforms and festooned with medals. The Press manipulates information to create a war psychosis by vilifying the prey, claiming a threat where no such threat exists.

Mainstream media sets the agenda of war; it starts wars, and throws oil on the flames of war. Journalists provide a smokescreen for warmongers and investors in the armaments industries. Afterwards, mainstream media heap blame on those they crucify and plunder. As journalists are wolves in sheep's clothing, I would suggest sheepskin coats. ~ Mike Walsh.

A mainstream media journalists' seminar's theme was how the professionals might respond to a disappearing readership and loss of credibility. One delegate remarked: 'There is no such thing as neutral journalism'. Another explained that journalists are now 'soldiers of communication' with the emphasis being on the term soldiers. One of the best remarks was made by an erudite delegate who reminded the audience that 'the internet and digital media are the battlefields of the 21st Century.'



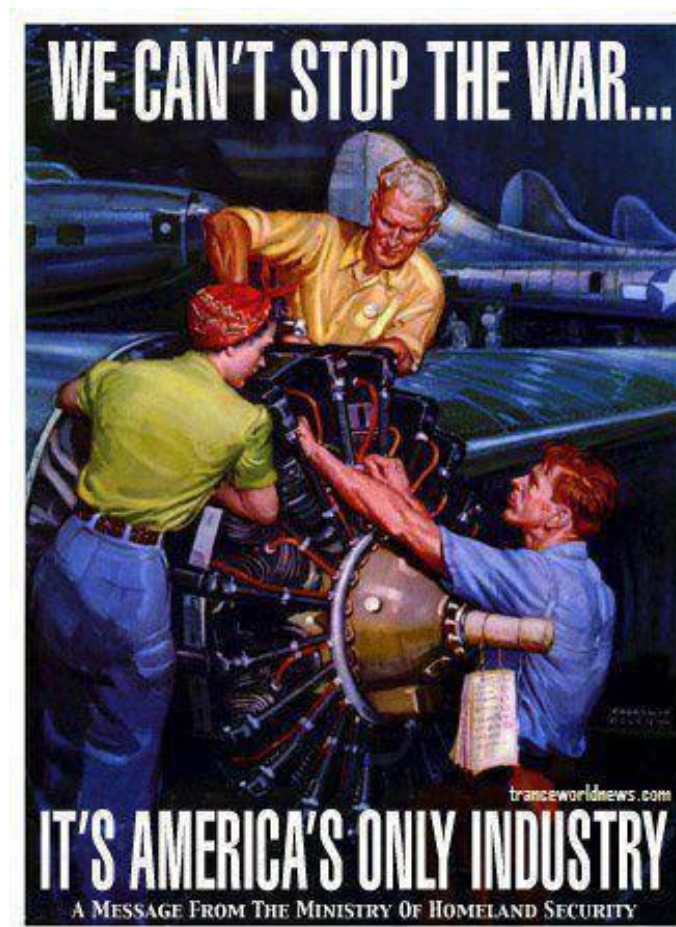
THE BEASTLY MAN

If you think of animals,
Yes those of little voice,
Self-centred, sometimes killers,
But beasts have little choice,
Now man is yet a different breed,
Who apes his beastly friends,
Exceeds their every avarice,
But rarely makes amends.

Man's territory he covets,
He hungers yet for more,
As vicious as the wolverine,
As beastly as the boar,
Yet beast shall kill to get his fill,
But then shall rest and play,
Whilst man will kill then kill some more,
It is his beastly way.

There's little that shall set apart,
 The man from vicious beast,
 Apart from killing mere for fun,
 When he has had his feast,
 Scheming and disloyal,
 In ever search of wealth,
 Man alone will kill for gold,
 And often kill by stealth.

There is one little difference,
 It earns man's special place,
 A single small advantage,
 Regardless of his race,
 For man alone has conscience,
 The voice of life and God,
 But when he doesn't hear it,
 He dies as under sod.



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ONCE BITTER FOES

Companions now, once bitter foes,
Sleep together, friends,
Destiny and Fate conspired to bring to bitter ends.
Men who once were bitter foe,
Who struck to earth by mortal blow,
By men who they might never know,
But comrades once again.
In slumber how they gentle sleep,
In little beds of clay,
In darkness they will never know that it be night or day.
There's joy tonight with men they slew,
For death has made men equal, true,
Sent to death by moneyed few,
But what a price they pay.

The old men with their shares in wars,
Will reap their just reward,
Reaper Grim has harvested the men who pay for wars.
Who profit from the young who bled,
Inspired by lies and foul words said,
With war machines investment fed,
There's no re-birth for them.



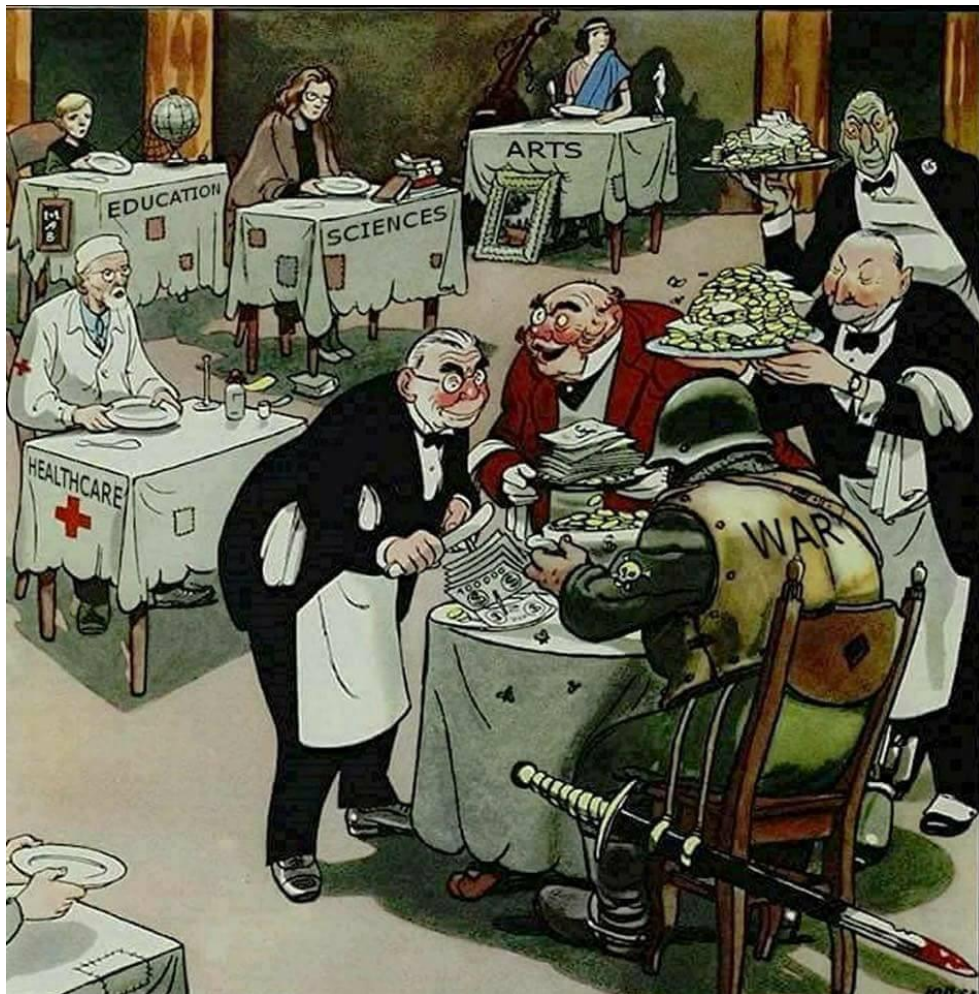
Draft dodger John Bolton

MEN FELL BEHIND

Men fell behind their Generals,
Like General John McCain,
In file they strode to martial airs,
The drumbeats for the slain;
To see them marching proud and straight,
As pipers led them through life's gate,
So many young men keen to heed,
The bugle calls of rich men's greed.

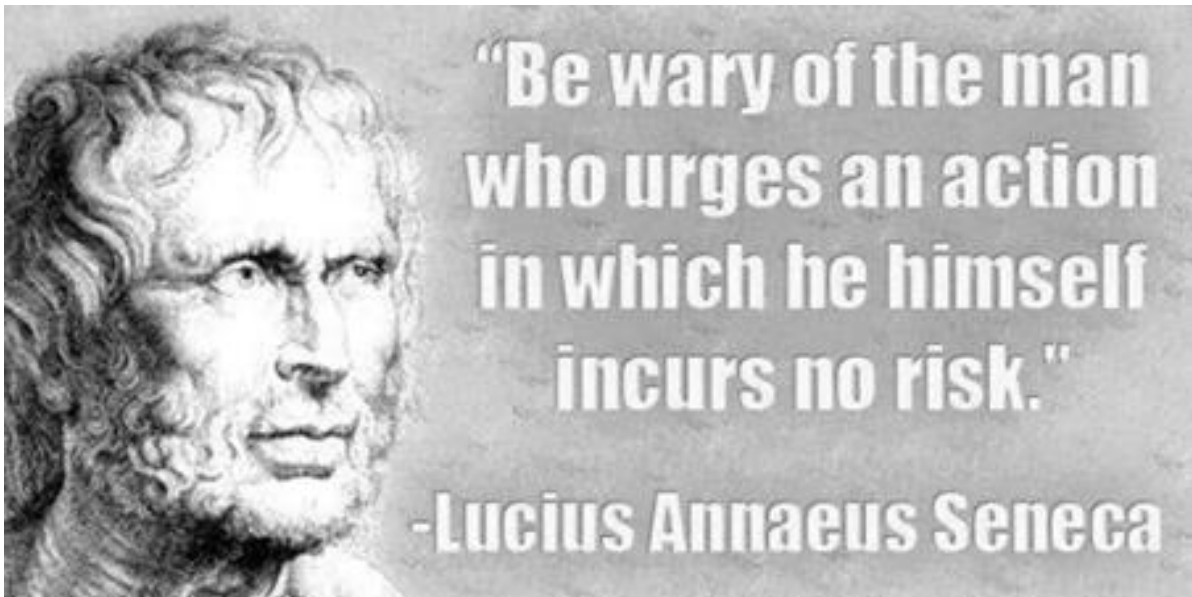
Men fell behind Obama's men,
Unsure they'd see their land again;
Field-Marshal Kerry at their rear,
His benediction, have no fear.
The shares are sure to rise this day,
When Congress, Senate, have their say.

Men fell behind the fighting lines,
Like wheat to sickle's scythe;
Whilst parliaments and congressmen,
Clink glass and make high-fives;
All was good at the bankers' ball,
Far safer than the cannonball;
Whilst mothers, wives in widows shawl,
Shall sleep no more in peace.



ODE TO THE ERMINE BANKERS

Where Lords and Ladies gentle sipped;
Nor thank me not with arch and column,
To mark my pact with fiscal Golum.
Far better I to rest my bones,
In meadows by the humble homes,
Of those before who went this way;
To earn their ever humble pay.
For we repent and onwards plod,
We till the land, we turn the sod,
But care we not for ermine robe;
Or company of the banker's rogue.
Take your crypt and record of,
Your life of shame, but He above;
Will judge you best, what stone will mark,
Your place of rest, the Devil's mark.
Mausoleum glory be,
But where I rest my friends can see,
Their friend now slumbers with the rest,
In their ever-humble nest;
Far better than a hug from thee;
The root's embrace of forest's tree.



THE BLOODSTAIN

There's a stain upon the wall outside,
It seems of human blood;
I try to wipe away the mark,
And see it gone for good.

The blot is on the wall of man,
It cannot be erased;
When evil rears its monstrous head;
Its common man who pays.

This blemish lives as blemish kills,
The stigma shames mankind;
But we shall ever rise above,
The base and cruel kind.

DEPORTATION



Why is it quiet, I can't hear a thing?
There are flowers and songbirds,
But I can't hear them sing;
I see mother sobbing,
But father has gone:
Hush now my child,
It's all said and done.

I hear the locks dropping,
The barking of hounds,
I see children wailing,
But no other sounds.
No lark in the morning,
It's so dreadful and still;
The train wheels are clanking,
And guards are all shouting,
They laugh and they're thanking,
Whilst we weep and chill.

The Soviets are coming to take us away,
Their homeland perhaps,
But you'll not see the day,
You hear the sweet songbirds,
And children at play,
The sounds of your homeland,
Or smell their sweet hay.

ETHNICALLY CLEANSED



Don't cry for me, dear mother;
Please father, dry your tears,
Oh yes, they took us far away,
But not our golden years.
The pasture moments spent with you,
When children do what children do,
Was sit beside you in your arms,
Protect us from all fear and harm.

Oh mother, never dwell on thoughts,
That cannot be put right,
And father dear, where e'er you are,
Our hearts are yours tonight;
Your love the ever-open hearth,
Till soldiers tore us all apart;
The sin is theirs, not yours, nor mine;
Love will catch us; always thine.

Pity not the twinkling star,
Lament instead the Soviet star,
For bearers yet will see the day,
When they are taken far away;
To judgement past the sins of man;
Bear too the pain that marked our span;
Let them weep for what's to come,
Long after all our hurt is done.

SOME ARE TAKEN SOME WILL GO

Can you feel it in the wind tonight?
The swallows are on the wing,
I need to stroll the country lanes,
I want to hear them sing.

'Sing, my dear? The birds are still,
Their morning song no more,
The wounds of deportation deep,
So painful and so sore.'

I need to hear sweet lullaby,
A mother for her son;
They took him oh, so far away,
When a day like this was done.

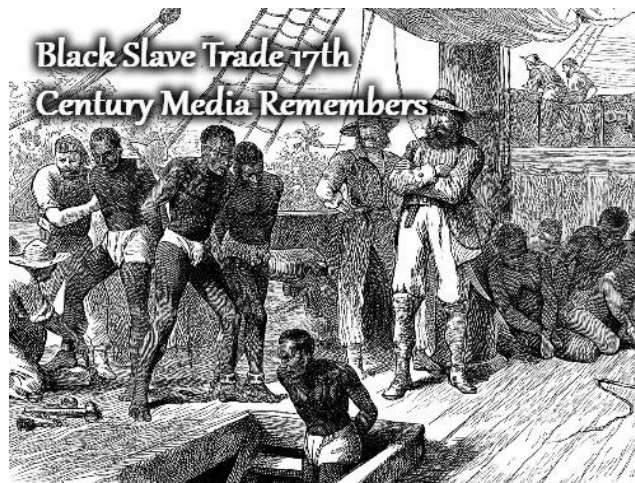
Distraught she watched the cattle trains,
Like worms across the grass:
The future lies unknown, my dear;
But never is the past.

'So long ago, please let it go,'
She linked my arm so tight:
The way the world has always been,
The young are gone in flight.

Some are taken, some will go,
And some will not return;
Some will suffer, some will not;
But hearts behind will burn.

There's grass a growing wild tonight,
Where once the wheat fields grew;
Then lights were lit in cottages;
How song and laughter flew!

I listen to the wind, my dear;
That I might hear the song,
Of ghosts of summers long ago,
Come home where they belong.



ANOTHER MOTHER'S TEAR

I cannot turn the clock back,
Nor wish my life away,
How often I have wondered where,
Our lives have gone astray.

If I was born in other place,
And in another time,
Would eyes today see as they saw,
My duty or my crime?

I did not choose my land of birth,
Like friends when you are young;
A Fatherland or Motherland,
Nor choose my native tongue.



My death would be another's pride,
Yet grief to comrades dear,
You raise your glass as you salute,
A soldier mother's tear.
The flowers in your meadows,
Make fallen hero's shroud,
Far better blood was never spilled,
And these fair fields be ploughed,
By men of peace, by men who talk,
By plough shares not the shares of war,
They peddle in their counting house,
Then bring the dead to widow's door.

THERE IS SORROW IN THE WIND



Can wagtails hear and daisies see what ails the wind today?
Can ladybirds explain the words the tender sad winds say?
There's sorrow in the wind, my wife, though what I cannot tell;
Its language is unknown to me, but I think I know right well.

For did these same winds long ago play skip in meadows warm,
With children of the rustic folk who frolicked in the corn;
Perhaps the breeze is lonely and it wants again to play,
But soldiers passed this way, my dear, and took them all away.

The wind sighs in the linden trees; it trembles woodland leaves,
It taps upon those empty homes; stirs swallows in the eaves;
The children aren't at home today, in distant lands they dream,
Of warmer airs and gentle breeze recalled that far off day.



THEY DON'T DIE YOUNG

They don't die young, they live young –
Is what she said to me;
When young they leave you can believe,
Their hearts and souls are free;
They are born to live and we shall go,
Where spirits went before;
Their goodbye that made you sigh,
Will be to God, hello.

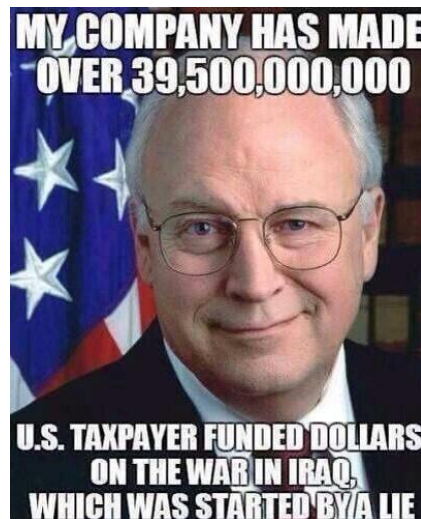
They are needed in another place,
Than where they were before;
The doors that closed were opened to,
A just and higher law;
A place where saints shall call their home;
They never died, they live, and roam;
So dry your tears or save for self;
They went to God, a truer wealth.



THE PROFITEERS OF WAR AND HATE

Turn wrath upon invaders,
On those who rape the poor,
Then turn your anger, turn your hate,
Upon the dogs-of-war,
Those profiteers of war and hate,
Who sell their shares at open gate;
It's not too early, not too late,
To make these traitors pay.

Turn your wrath on footloose tribes,
Nor suffer those who flee,
But best to oust the traitors,
Who now oppress the free;
The Press who guard the traitor's lie,
Police who crush dissent,
Invaders of the darker skins,
And those of dark intent.



**WAR IS NEVER FOUGHT FOR FREEDOM
IT IS ALWAYS FOUGHT FOR THE RICH**



"In the World War 1 a mere handful garnered the profits of the conflict. At least 21,000 new millionaires and billionaires were made in the United States during the World War. That many admitted their huge blood gains in their income tax returns. How many other war millionaires falsified their tax returns no one knows."

- Major General Smedley Butler

IT IS NOT A COINCIDENCE THAT THE PEOPLE RESPONSIBLE FOR TAKING AMERICA TO WAR DIRECTLY BENEFIT FINANCIALLY. POLITICIANS AND THEIR CORPORATE SPONSORS HAVE TRICKED ORDINARY AMERICANS INTO THINKING LEGITIMATE ENEMIES EXIST AND MUST BE CONFRONTED. THE TRUTH IS THAT THERE ARE NO ENEMIES, ONLY BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

AND NOW WE'VE CELEBRATED



And now we've celebrated,
The spilling of our blood,
Perhaps as Europeans,
As clever people should,
Will put aside the scoundrels' guns,
Remember how they lie,
Stop celebrating suicide,
Stop sending youth to die.

Slaves to propaganda,
What miseries we wreak,
When taken in by leaders lies,
Whilst those who cannot speak,
Lie in their little homes of clay,
But they much wiser be,
Than those who live and loved them,
Than those who cannot see.

QUOTABLE QUOTES

“War is when people shoot each other, who don't even know each other, on the behalf of people who know each other, but don't shoot each other.” ~ Anon.



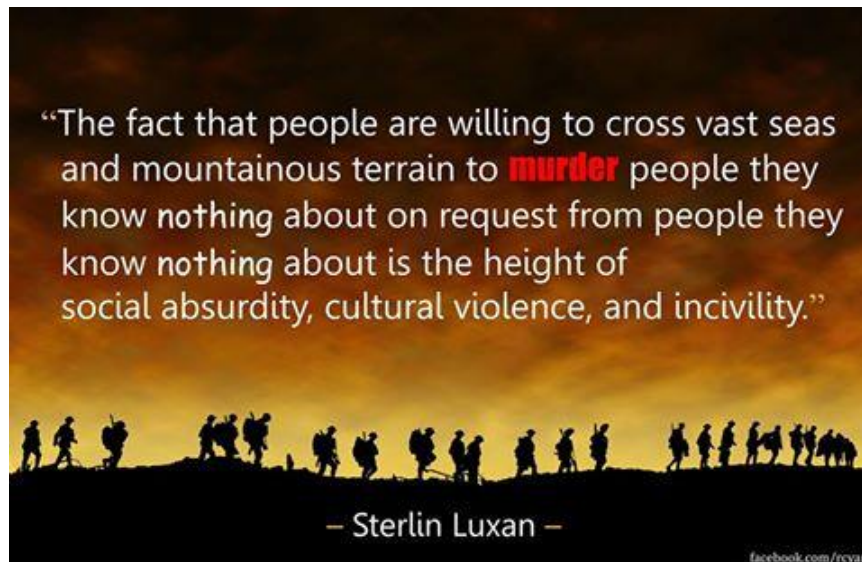
“The most shocking fact about war is that its victims and its instruments are individual human beings, and that these individual beings are condemned by the monstrous conventions of politics to murder or be murdered in quarrels not their own.” ~ Aldous Huxley - English novelist and critic, 1894-1963.



“I count myself as a spiritual sister to those the US government has murdered, and I am angry at my powerlessness.” ~ Karen Kwiatkowski.

“When someone says my son died fighting for his country, I say, ‘No, the suicide bomber who killed my son died fighting for his country.’” ~ Father of American Soldier, Chase Beattie killed in Iraq.

“Give me the money that has been spent in war and I will clothe every man, woman, and child in an attire of which kings and queens will be proud. I will build a schoolhouse in every valley over the whole earth. I will crown every hillside with a place of worship consecrated to peace.” ~ Charles Sumner.



“The conquest of the earth, which mostly means the taking it away from those who have a different complexion or slightly flatter noses than ourselves, is not a pretty thing when you look into it.” ~ Joseph Conrad.

“It is yet another Civilized Power with its banner of the Prince of Peace in one hand and its loot-basket and its butcher-knife in the other. Is there no salvation for us but to adopt Civilization and lift ourselves down to its level?” ~ Mark Twain.

“Patriotism is your conviction that this country is superior to all other countries because you were born in it.” ~ George Bernard Shaw.

“When plunder becomes a way of life for a group of men living in society, they create for themselves, in the course of time, a legal system that authorizes it and a moral code that glorifies it.” ~ Frederic Bastiat, (1801-1850) French economist, statesman, and author.

“There is no flag large enough to cover the shame of killing innocent people for a purpose which is unattainable.” ~ U.S. historian Howard Zinn, 1993.

‘A common and natural result of an undue respect for law is that you may see a file of soldiers, colonel, captain, corporal, privates, powder-monkeys, and all marching in admirable order over hill and dale to the wars, against their wills, against their common sense and consciences, which makes it very steep marching indeed, and produces a palpitation of the heart. They have no doubt that it is a damnable business in which they are concerned; they are all peaceably inclined. Now, what are they? Men at all? or small movable forts and magazines, at the service of some unscrupulous man in power?': Henry David Thoreau, On the Duty of Civil Disobedience.



Here dead we lie because we did not choose, / To live, and shame the land from which we sprung. / Life, to be sure, is nothing much to lose, But young men think it is, and we were young" – A. E. Housman, Here Dead We Lie.

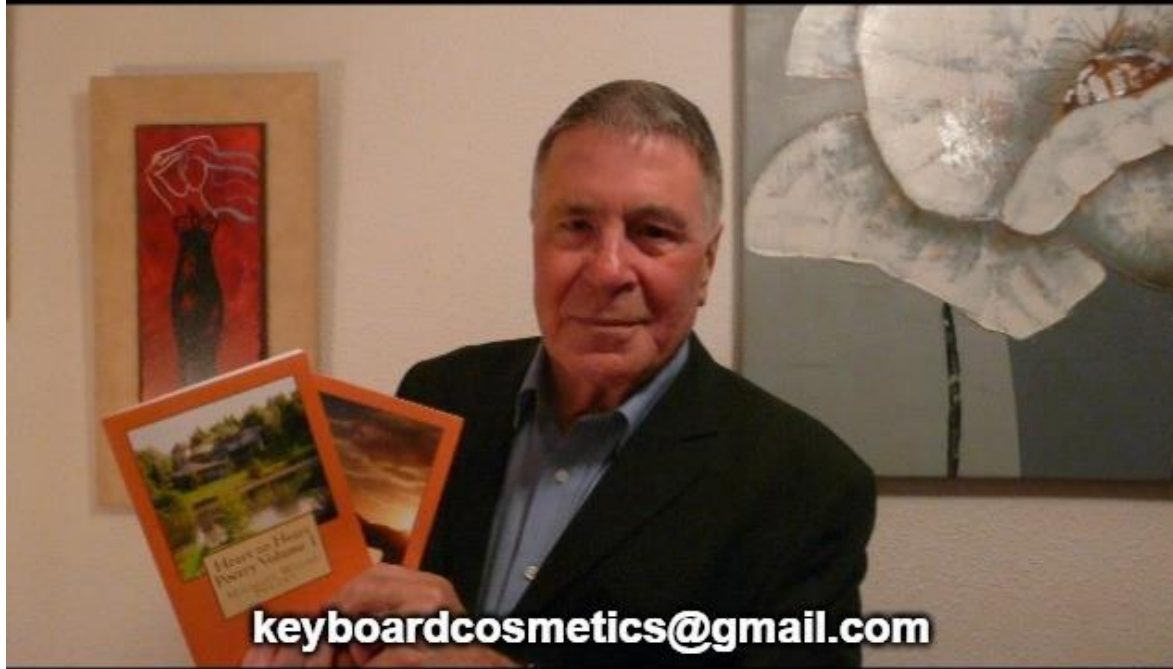
AN AMERICAN GENERAL DESPAIRS "If the media can create a defeat of our armies on the battlefield, they can also eventually defeat the viability of our system. In that regard, it may be later than we think." ~ General William Westmoreland, Washington D.C. 22 April 1978.

"I am not certain what we should fear more, a street full of soldiers who are out to plunder, or a room full of writers who are used to lie." ~ Samuel Johnson.

"The Prime Minister David Lloyd George told the editor of the Manchester Guardian that is was just as well that the real nature of war was not revealed. 'If the people really knew, the war would be stopped tomorrow. But, of course, they don't know and they can't know. The correspondents don't write and the censorship would not pass the truth.'"

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